

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"The typographical error which put 'poor-selling' for 'poor-selling' was corrected as early as possible."

"The literary man who has written only one book generally spends the rest of his life picking out the title of his next or seventh volume."

"He—'Will you marry me?' She—'I don't know.' He—'I am a student. You're too young.' He—'Will you be a grandmother to me, then?' She—"

"The republican who will not cut his hair is a republican in name, not in deed. True-heartedness needs to be something more than skin deep."

"It is easy to tell any one else how to get along. Men who write how to get along are a very different class of men from those who live it. —Jameson Jones."

"There are almost as many effing words in the English language as there are in the United States, but the effo-seekers can't take a negative like 'no' without adding an effing. —Walter M. Guggins (reading)."

"Mrs. Guggins (reading). 'A very man who has the advantage of being for him.' M. Guggins (musingly). 'It must be true, then, that men are not in the habit of being for him.'"

[illegible]

for the prodigal son?" "A female," promptly replied the divine. "How do you know?" "The fact," replied the interrogator meekly in the face of the divine, "that the male is alive now."—Exhausted.

"When the Shah left England he said to the Prince of Wales: 'It is a great honor to have you in England, otherwise I could come and see you more frequently.'" "Yes," replied the prince, "but the consolation is the fact that the less frequent your visits are the more they are appreciated."

The Origin of the Sash.

The broad sash which the young man of the period now wears is of Spanish and Mexican origin, and, as the story goes, was first worn by a Gracioso (a broad wear) tied at the side with flowing ends. Since they were worn by the Gracioso, the American youth thus tying in some instances is dispersed with, and the sash is now worn by the Gracioso as a delusion and a snare, and, like the hootery necktie, is made up and finished by the Gracioso.

by the coat, in a small belt and buckle to keep it on. For the young man whose shape does not allow of his getting along without the use of suspenders, the sash is not 'n't thing of beauty. He is obliged to wear his trousers tight enough to keep his trousers in place if they will collapse and be like a flimsy string in size, and if he allows his arms to fold to encircle his abdomen loosely then he is sure to find his trousers slipping will drop off, so he is, never entirely happy. I saw one real sweat sash man the other day, and he had his sash arranged with a sort of martingale. The sash was very broad, and he had a hole cut out of the middle and down to meet his sash, and planned to it with a society pin. I wouldn't be surprised if the sash was also pinned to his trousers, so that the whole weight of his trousers was brought on his shoulders. I saw a round-shouldered gait, and didn't look as if he was enjoying

**A SENSIBLE WEDDING.**  
How a Thrifty Young Man and His Bride Surprised His Friends.

One way to get married and take a tour: The two young people are not at all rich. They are going to live in four small, but very little, suburban houses. Neither one had a home, and when they made up their minds to be married they began, first of all, to save from their earnings to furnish for themselves a corner which they could call home. Several weeks before the wedding they had been saving and had earned furnishing them and visiting them together quite as much as if they were arranging a mansion to live in. They moved their trunks the morning of the wedding day, and in

the avenging they did not come in to see them in their little new room, where the minister married them. The bride then served the guests to a supper she had prepared before putting on her white dress, and every body was very happy and merry. It seemed almost as if they thought this way of life was as pleasant and as lovely as if they had rushed off to spend their savings on a wedding journey.—*Christian Union.*

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**Equal to an Emergency.**

A clergyman, consoling a young widow the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his angel.

"I know I don't," replied the sobbing lay one. "But," she added with a heavenly smile, "I mean to try."







